

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. IV.

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No. 9.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE CINCINNATI EVENING CHRONICLE.

Theodore Harland.

A PREMIUM TALE.

BY MRS. DUMONT, OF VEVAY, INDIANA.

Theodore loved ! and the vapid temperament of his mind, produced by long habits of dissipation, suddenly gave way to the deepest intensity of excitement. Satiated with the gilded cup of pleasure, he was chained to her unhallowed haunts, and unable to break the spell which bound his morbid faculties. From this moral incubus—this disturbed lethargy of the soul, he was raised by a vision, bright and lovely as the bow of promise on a stormy sky. Elizabeth—but who shall describe her ? The ethereal lightness of her form baffled the gaze of scrutiny, and the beauty of her features was of a cast, beyond even the magic of the pencil. It was the radiance of youth—the impress of innocence—the seal of virtue. A halo of light dwelt around her ; folly checked his unholy sallies, and vice receded at her approach.—Such was the being who crossed the path of Theodore, at a time when his bosom was scorched and withered with the heat of uncontrolled and corrupted passion : she passed over his soul like a clear and healthful breeze, amidst pestilential vapors. Her voice, breathing in mellifluous tones the sentiments of a pure and exalted mind, came like seraphic music on an ear sickened with the syren strains of dissipation.

Man is a being of inconsistency ! Theodore loved Elizabeth for the purity of her character, but heeded not the trains that marked his own. He approached her with hope ; he addressed her without embarrassment.—The graces of his person met the dark eye of the maiden and she listened to his conversation with complacency. The language of Theodore assumed a new tone. Chaste and elevated it was fit even for the ear of Elizabeth. Yet the soul of Theodore was above deception, and hypocrisy had never deepened the shades of his character. Who has not felt the sublimating influence of that hour, when the curtains of night are drawn on the silent world, and the moon flings her silver light o'er the quiet scene ? such was the presence of Elizabeth ; such was the mystic spell so pure, so holy, that hushed every passion to rest in the bosom of Theodore, and

called forth sentiments, exalted as the being that inspired him. Elizabeth heard him with delight and believed his soul congenial with her own. Succeeding interviews confirmed the fatal illusion ; visions of bliss float around them, and the pure heart of Elizabeth, beats high at the approach of the profligate ! 'Tis past, the veil of deception is rent for ever ! The hand of a friend has torn it rudely away, and the character of Theodore, wild, dissolute, and irreligious, is delineated to her astonished view. Theodore again beholds her—but the glow of her cheek is fled, and her eye is lifted coldly at his approach. What means this fearful calm, this chilling composure ? Theodore is not formed to endure suspense : he demands his destiny, and the answer of Elizabeth, gentle, but decisive, blights at once the blossom of promised happiness. Astounded at the stroke, as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, he scarcely believed it real, and even yet hope is not extinct in his heart. Accustomed from infancy to all the elegancies of affluent life, Elizabeth was the child of penury. The casualties of trade had stript her father of wealth, and she now shared with her family the homely bread of industry. " I will restore her to that sphere in which she was wont to move," said the impetuous Theodore, and he mentally determined never to resign her. Day after day found him at the cottage of her father, but Elizabeth invariably retired from his presence, or met him with a cold politeness, which congealed the warm current of his heart. Stung at length to madness, and scorning himself for thus brooking the contumely of others ; Theodore again plunged into the vortex of dissipation, and strove to lose, in the haunts of folly, the pure image of Elizabeth. But Theodore had long been descending the steep of ruin, and an arrest for debt suddenly checked his mad and reckless career. He heard its amount with a start of convulsive horror :—" No," he exclaimed, " I cannot again apply to my father," and refusing to give bail, followed the officers of justice immediately to prison.

A week had passed away, and among a wide circle of gay associates, whom Theodore called friends, no one was found to visit him. All around was desolate—not a gleam of light crossed his dark and tempestuous spirit ! His liberation is at length announced, and a note in the well known hand of his father, placed in his eager hands :—his blood shot eye glanced over it with an expression of despair.

"Where is he," he exclaimed, and rushing from the house, he beheld his father at a distance walking with hasty and irregular strides. "My father!" exclaimed Theodore, springing wildly forward, "you give me liberty, but forbid me your presence! Pardon me that I cannot obey you; Will you not hear me? once more, oh my father say that you will hear me!" "And what would you say?" said Captain Harland coldly, while he yet evidently struggled with emotion. "I would say that my future life"—"Stay, rash young man, add not another promise to the many already broken;—the season of confidence is past—you have exhausted every plea of youth—you have mocked every hope of amendment, my forgiveness shall no longer sanction your vices, and you have at length drained the fountain that ministered to your extravagance: Go, wretched boy—I can no longer shield thee from want, and thy presence, lost and degraded as thou art, will render yet more bitter the bread of poverty." "Stay oh my father! for the sake of her who bore me, stay and tell me your dreadful meaning."

"Claim you yet an interest in the heart you have broken? Presumptuous Theodore! The mother who cherished you is now without a home—the scenes of your childhood are already trodden by the feet of strangers. But for this you had still been a prisoner."

Capt. Harland now tore himself from the grasp of his son, and disappeared. Theodore stood appalled as if the earth had yielded up her skeleton dead. His vices rose before him in terrible array, fearful as the corruption of the tomb, his whole frame was wrought as with a tempest. Suddenly his features assumed a settled though dark expression, and a lurid gleam of troubled joy passed over them. He walked to the lodgings he had formerly occupied, and locked himself in his apartment. After spending half an hour in writing, he arose and looked cautiously around, as if fearful of being observed. He then took a pistol from his desk and loaded it with a desperate calmness—At this terrible moment, a book which he accidentally threw from his table, fell heavily on the floor; he stopped mechanically to raise it, and a small but highly finished drawing dropt from its leaves. Had the portals of heaven opened on his view, the countenance of Theodore could not have changed more suddenly. The pistol fell from his trembling hands; a universal tremor passed over his frame; sweat as of death broke out on his forehead, and the blood which had curdled around his heart, rushed back to his ashy cheek; a tear suffused his fixed eye, and falling on his knees, he lifted his clasped hands in deep and convulsive prayer.

Impetuous as the mountain cataract, Theodore had been precipitated from folly to folly, and vice to vice, by the ardent temperament of his nature, rather than the perversion of his

principles: he had once been the child of promise, but an early introduction to dissolute companions, blighted the opening blossoms of his mind, and planted in their stead the gloomy weeds of corruption.

At a time when his irregularities first withered the hopes of paternal love, Theodore returned unexpectedly and late at night, to the house of his father. Passing his mother's apartment with a noiseless step, he heard the low deep tones of prayer, and through her half opened door, beheld his mother kneeling at the throne of Grace. He listened in breathless silence: she was supplicating pardon for her erring son—she implored the protection of the Most High for the weakness of youth. The prayer ceased; the sobs of the mother only were heard.—Theodore retired, but not to sleep, "I will perpetuate this scene," exclaimed he, "it shall strengthen me in the hour of trial."—Theodore drew with a master hand, and he now sketched a strong and touching representation of the recent scene. The kneeling attitude of his mother—her interesting form, now scarcely past the zenith of her beauty—her pale countenance deeply touched with sorrow but marked with the fervor of devotion—her clasped hands and upturned eye, all were drawn with a correctness and strength of expression, which gave to the lifeless paper an interest as deep and affecting as the original.

This drawing had been carefully preserved, but time had effaced the impression, and it was now forgotten.

Such was the picture that met the darkened eye of Theodore, at the moment when his impious hand had raised the instrument of self-destruction: and the words of his mother, which he had written on its margin, again sounded on his ear.

"Subdue, Oh Heavenly Father! the stormy passions of his soul, and guide his wayward feet in the paths of piety and virtue." "Hear, oh God of Mercy!" exclaimed the kneeling Theodore, "hear her prayer, and for her sake pardon the guilt of this dreadful hour." And that prayer was indeed heard for a peace such as he had never before known now dawned on his throbbing bosom; he rose with confidence, and meditated what course he should pursue. "I will not again intrude myself on my father, till I am worthy of his forgiveness. I will direct all the energies of my mind to the profession I have so long virtually abandoned, and look forward to the time when I can restore that wealth which my vices have so wantonly scattered."

Such was the determination of Theodore, but in his professional career he at once foresaw obstacles of the most fearful weight; he had forfeited the confidence of the public, and must necessarily remove beyond the reach of distrust. Having written to his mother and obtained her pardon and her blessing, without daring again to address his father, he left the

scene of his misguided youth, and buried himself in a distant metropolis.

Unable to contend with poverty, where he had long known better days, Capt. Harland formed the determination of removing to the wilds of the west, whither a small party of adventurous families from his native state, was now preparing to emigrate. On a lovely stream, which rolled its clear waters through limitless forests of luxuriant fertility, the weary travelers at length formed a permanent residence.

All around them was gay as the garden of Eden. The blossoming earth teemed with plenty, but it was the wild prodigality of nature, and the pampered child of affluence, looked vainly for the luxuries of a cultivated soil. But Capt. Harland had been a soldier of the revolution, and scorned the gratifications of the sensualist, while Mrs. Harland, with a constitution delicate even to sickness, possessed an elevation of soul that lifted her above the common wants of mortality.—Concentrating every wish within the domestic circle, she felt not the loss of general society, and the friendship of one lovely being whose character resembled her own, threw its gentle charm over the shades of solitude. Elizabeth had been the companion of her toilsome journey; for among the emigrants that accompanied Capt. Harland, the family of Elizabeth had formed a part. Struck at once with the mild virtues of her character, Mrs. Harland soon regarded her with maternal affection, and received in return all the nameless but sacred offices of filial love.

Regarding the surrounding scenery with an eye of enthusiasm, and beholding in perspective, days of returning prosperity, Mrs. Harland, but for one absorbing sentiment might have been happy. Theodore, to whom she had repeatedly written since their arrival, still continued silent; Capt. Harland at length addressed his Eastern friends, soliciting information of his son: none could be obtained. Theodore could be no where traced and the wretched parents foreboded some fearful catastrophe. Meanwhile their new abode had already become one of terror.—The Red Man beheld with dismay the rapid encroachments upon his native soil, and the tomahawk was raised to repel the invaders. Death was every where around them, and the white blossom of the forest was daily crimsoned with blood. Immured with a rude and crowded fortress, yet still exposed to the wide besom of desolation which the proud savage wielded over the scattered settlements of the whiteman, the parents of Theodore passed two years ignorant of his fate, and losing under the absorbing influence of parental anxiety, the sense of individual suffering.—Increasing numbers at length gave them strength to contend with the savage foe: and Capt. Harland, at the head of a few volunteers, joined a detachment sent out by the Executive to destroy the Indian villages.—The wary savage still fled before them, and as yet

nothing intercepted their march.—Near one of the deserted villages, Capt. Harland saw a grave freshly made, a wild rose was planted over it, and an Indian name was cut on a rude stone that marked the spot.—The soldiers passed on, and the glare of battle suddenly gleamed around them. From the long grass of the Prairie, the painted savages desperate with revenge, and laughing wildly with demoniac fury rose on the unsuspecting party in the terrible array of countless numbers.

(Concluded in our next.)

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Sketch.

"Yes, she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her,
As pure in thought as angels are,
To see her was to love her."

The pleasant little village of W—, situated within the precincts of the far-famed vale of the Mohawk, is the residence of one of misfortune's victims. Emily R— at the early age of eighteen was an accomplished beauty, and at that period of her life bade fair to become an ornament to her sex. She was the idol of her parents, and was accordingly instructed in all those useful branches of literature, calculated to form a female's education. Her manners were remarkably easy, and her tall slender form bore those marks of dignity rarely found in a sublunary being. The cheering radiance of her dark blue eyes, and the golden ringlets of auburn hair, that hung so gracefully around her snowy brow, attracted the attention of all who beheld her. Her gentle and virtuous disposition, her intelligent and placid mind, betokened not only an accomplished, but one of the most interesting females that ever adorned society. It was at this happy period of her life, that Emily became acquainted with Charles S—, a youth whose days had numbered two and-twenty years, and whose circumstances in life were peculiarly respectable. Charles, naturally inclined to reflection, possessed a disposition no less pleasing than the charming Emily's; his heart was the seat of unsullied friendship, and his mind was abundantly replenished with the gilded treasures of education. Two short months only had smiled on their happiness, ere they were locked in the blessed bands of matrimony; and no sooner had the honeymoon passed, than they found themselves settled happily in life. Thus were placed on life's stormy stage a couple of the "silken children of pleasure," and it was with fond anticipations that they looked forward into the boundless ocean of futurity. Little did they think while thus lost in felicity, that the formidable billow of adversity was gathering over them—little did they think a storm of despair was about to pour its fury upon their devoted heads. Alas! it came; it overwhelmed their happiness—nought was heard save the mournful sounds of calamity.

Charles, being of a feeble constitution imbibed a severe cold a short time after his marriage, while on a visit to his friends in New England; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he ever reached home: and ah! he never again *did* reach home to enjoy the blessings of prosperity with a tender wife; not the soft, kind-hearted Emily could palliate the disease that followed; or afford the least consolation to his expiring moments. In vain did she weep over his emaciated frame, in vain were her feeble orisons for his restoration. This was a shock upon Emily, her delicate constitution, her heart of sympathy could not bear; and for the first time in her life was the deep dark veil of melancholy seen to hang over her lucid countenance. But the day in which the relicks of Charles were to be committed to the grave arrived, and oh! what floods of tears were shed.

At the distance of about one hundred yards from the village, reared its top towards the clouds a delightful willow, whose umbrageous branches had often sheltered the fair forms of Emily and Charles from the scorching rays of a summer's sun; and at its root meandered its course one of the most delightful rivulets, that ever graced the Mohawk with its waters. It was beside this murmuring rivulet, and beneath these sylvan branches, that the remains of Charles were to be deposited. The funeral was attended by all the young people of the village, and after a solemn discourse, the procession moved slowly towards the tomb—the coffin was lowered into the grave—and the first appalling sound of the earth as it rattled upon it, forced a vibrating shriek from Emily that caused tears to gush from the eyes of every person present: it was a shriek that is yet audible in my ears; and which nought but death will suppress.

Each succeeding evening for the space of three months, as the golden sun was about casting his last orange beams on the surrounding hills, was to be seen the disconsolate Emily sitting beside the grave of Charles, pouring out her feeble lamentations, and offering up her humble petitions to the throne of mercy.

It was on one evening a few weeks subsequent to the death of Charles, as Luna, the silver queen of night, was shining in cloudless majesty in the heavens, that Emily was heard to utter the following soliloquy; as she sat on a fallen oak near the grave of her lover.

"Charles, dearest Charles, though your majestic figure—your smiling countenance has gone to an eternal rest; though your once cheering lips are mouldering into dust, methinks I see your smiling features, hear your tender voice, and inhale your fragrant breath. But why these lamentations? why thus sit and aim my feeble accents at one, alas! at one, who has gone, forever gone: at one who lies there buried beneath the turf? Yonder is the little hillock where once we sat together; there

runs the sparkling stream on whose transparent waters we so oft have gazed; here rears its top the sylvan willow beneath whose branches many an happy hour I've passed with Charles—and there, there in yonder ambient sky is the fair empress of night, who has so oft looked down upon us as we sat in conversation—as we walked the green banks of the brook—or as we retraced our footsteps to the village. But why have I been robbed of Charles? why does death, the "king of terrors" thus heedlessly single out his victims? why not better clip from time, one whose days had numbered four-score years; one in whose bosom virtue was not a shining orb? But what see I there; what little mound is that that juts above the green? alas! 'tis raised to tell us where lies interred the relicks of Charles S.—'tis raised to tell posterity that beneath its surface some poor youth is resting: but soon it will be leveled with the surrounding green, and then where's Charles? No marble stones—no splendid monument is erected to preserve the precious spot, no gilded railing encloses the little region. But while I am permitted to remain upon earth, while I have strength to visit this solitary abode, I will cherish it as I once cherished him, whose image pacifies my sorrow. And when my bones are laid by its side, when I shall have followed Charles from this world of grief, into the regions of everlasting bliss, what commiserating soul will shed the tear of sympathy over our relicks, or record our names on the tablet of memory!"

The village clock struck twelve, to tell its hearers morn was fast approaching; and here ended the sorrowful voice of Emily. She retired slowly to her cottage, and left the silver moon to watch the grave of Charles.

But let us pass over a series of vicissitudes in the life of this unfortunate female, and again behold her with a recruited mind—again behold her locked in hymeneal bands—surrounded by peace and plenty, and an inmate of the same habitation, in which she had witnessed the happy, and the unhappy moments of a departed guardian. After one mournful year had winged its flight into the vast fields of eternity, subsequent to the demise of Charles, she fortuitously became acquainted with Henry R——, a youth of accomplishments, and of a highly cultivated understanding. Two years crowned their labours with success, and a charming little son was the darling of their hearts. But here again commenced the misfortunes of Emily. Henry being out on business a short time previous to his dissolution, fell from his horse and received a mortal wound: inflammation soon took place, and his final departure from the "land of the living" was in two years from the day on which he entered into a married state. Thus for the second time was Emily thrown upon the world a disconsolate widow. She now had no connections left to sooth her afflictions, save an aged father,

and her lovely little urchin: alas! ere six short weeks had committed their ravages upon the dead body of Henry, her smiling little innocent was called from the scenes of life, into the regions of eternity: it was laid at the feet of its father, and now they rest in peace.

Whoever passes this solitary abode, just as the sun is shedding his last golden beams on the cerulean waters of the Mohawk, will behold the emaciated form of Emily seated upon the same little hillock, where oft she has sat in her halcyon days, listening to the melodious accents of her departed lovers: and in Emily they will see a victim of misfortune—a child of sorrow—a stranger to happiness—and the frail remnants of an effulgent virgin. The formidable gales of adversity have entirely dissipated all those rubric dyes, that were once depicted on her rosy countenance; and the pale, the ghastly impressions of disease have become their substitutes. Happiness has been to her, what the morning dew is to the sun—what time is to eternity, and she talks of it only as the “magic drama of a dream.” Those pleasing smiles that once played so wantonly on her delicate features have vanished forever; and not even the implication of one has appeared, since her last husband bade adieu to the rural scenes of his childhood. The end of her earthly sojourn is fast approaching; and soon, nay, very soon, and in happier regions where “sorrow never comes,” she will behold the partners of her youth; and the alluring smiles of her darling son. Exists there a heart within the bosom of man, so cold to the feelings of affliction, as not to throb with pity at the unhappy fate of Emily R——?—she who seems to have lived upon earth purposely to be haunted by misery, and to be tortured by distress? No, humanity forbids it; the luxuries of the soul forbids it.

ZANA.

Montgomery Co. N. Y.

BIOGRAPHY.

“Of man, what see we but his station here.”

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Mozart.

Mozart was born at Salzburg, in 1736, and is well known to have been a prodigy of early talent. When only *three years* old, his great amusement was finding concords on the piano and nothing could equal his delight when he had discovered an harmonious interval. At the age of four, his father began to teach him little pieces of music, which he always learnt to play in a very short time: and, before he was six, he had invented several small pieces himself, and even attempted composition of some extent and intricacy.

The sensibility of his organs appears to have been excessive. The slightest false note or harsh tone was quite a torture to him; and, in the early part of his childhood, he could

not hear the sound of a trumpet without growing pale, and almost falling into convulsions. His father, for many years, carried him and his sister about to different cities for the purpose of exhibiting their talents. In 1764 they came to London, and played before the King. Mozart also played the organ at the Chapel Royal and with this the King was more pleased than with his performance on the harpsicord. During his visit he composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen. He was then only eight years old. A few years after this, he went to Milan; and, at that place, was performed in 1770, the opera of *Mithridates*, composed by Mozart, at the age of fourteen, and performed twenty nights in succession. From that time till he was nineteen, he continued to be the musical wonder of Europe, as much from the astonishing extent of his abilities, as from the extreme youth of their possessor.

Entirely absorbed in music, this great man was a child in every other respect. His hands were so wedded to the piano that he could use them for nothing else—at table, his wife carved for him; and every thing relating to money, or the management of his domestic affairs, or even the choice and arrangement of his amusements, he was entirely under her guidance. His health was very delicate; and during the latter part of his too short life, it declined rapidly. Like all weak-minded people, he was extremely apprehensive of death; and it was only by incessant application to his favorite study, that he prevented his spirits sinking totally under the fears of approaching dissolution. At all other times, he laboured under a profound melancholy, which unquestionably tended to accelerate the period of his existence. In this melancholy state of spirits, he composed the *Zauber Flöte*, the *Clemenza di Tito*, and his celebrated mass in D minor, commonly known by the name of his Requiem. The circumstances which attended the composition of the last of these works, are so remarkable, from the effect they produced upon his mind, that we shall detail them; and, with the account, close the life of Mozart.

One day when his spirits were unusually oppressed, a stranger of a tall, dignified appearance, was introduced. His manners were grave and impressive. He told Mozart that he came from a person that did not wish to be known, to request he would compose a solemn mass, as a requiem for the soul of a friend whom he had recently lost, and whose memory he was desirous of commemorating by this solemn service. Mozart undertook the task; and engaged to have it completed in a month. The stranger begged to know what price he set upon his work, and immediately paid him a hundred ducats, and departed. The mystery of this visit seemed to have a very strong effect upon the mind of the musician. He brooded over it for sometime; and then suddenly calling for writing materials, began to

compose with extraordinary ardor. This application, however, was more than his strength could support; it brought on fainting fits; and his increasing illness obliged him to suspend his work. "I am writing this requiem for myself!" said he abruptly to his wife one day; "it will serve for my own funeral service;" and this impression never afterwards left him. At the expiration of the month, the mysterious stranger appeared, and demanded the Requiem. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond my first design. I shall require another month to finish it." The stranger made no objection; but observing that for this additional trouble, it was but just to increase the premium, laid down fifty ducats more, and promised to return at the time appointed. Astonished at the whole proceedings Mozart ordered a servant to follow this singular personage, and, if possible, to find out who he was: the man, however, lost sight of him, and was obliged to return as he went. Mozart now more than ever persuaded that he was a messenger from the other world, sent to warn him that his end was approaching, applied with fresh zeal to the requiem; and in spite of the exhausted state both of his mind and body, completed it before the end of the month. At the appointed day, the stranger returned;—but Mozart was no more!

FROM THE U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

The tongue of the vigilant clock toll'd one
In a deep and hollow tone;
The shrowded moon look'd out upon
A cold, damp region, more cheerless and dun,
By her lurid light that shone.

Mozart now rose from a restless bed,
And his heart was sick with care;
Though long he wooingly sought to wed
Sweet sleep, 'twas in vain, for the coy maid fled
Though he followed her every where.

He knelt to the God of his worship then,
And breath'd a fervent prayer;
'Twas balm to his soul, and he rose again
With a strengthen'd spirit, but started, when
He marked a stranger there!

He was tall, this stranger who gazed on him,
Wrapt high in a sable shroud;
His cheek was pale and his eye was dim,
And the melodist trembled in every limb,
'The while his heart beat loud.

"Mozart!—there is one whose errand I bear,
"Who cannot be known to thee:
"He grieves for a friend, and would have thee prepare
"A Requiem, blending a mournful air
"With the sweetest melody!"

"I'll furnish the Requiem, then," he cried,
"When the moon has waned away!"
The stranger bowed, yet no word replied,
But fled like a shade on the mountain's side,
When the sunlight hides its ray.

Mozart grew pale when the vision fled,
And his heart beat high with fear;
He knew 'twas a messenger sent from the dead,
To warn him that soon he must make his bed,
In the dark, chill sepulchre.

He knew that the days of his life were told,
And his breast grew faint within;
The blood thro' his bosom crept slowly and cold,
And his lamp of life could hardly hold
The flame that was flickering.

Yet he went to his task with a cheerful zeal,
While his days and nights were one;
He spoke not, he moved not, but only to kneel
With the holy prayer—"Oh God! I feel
'Tis best thy will be done!"

He gazed on his loved one who cherished him well,
And weepingly hung o'er him:
"This music will chime with my funeral knell,
"And my spirit shall float on the passing bell,
"On the notes of this Requiem!"

The cold moon waned—on that cheerless day
The stranger appeared once more;
Mozart had finished his requiem lay,
But ere the last notes had faded away,
His spirit had gone before!

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

An Extract.

Nothing can be more destructive to beauty than pride and affectation: pride, in the common sense of the word, more than counterbalances all the influence of symmetry and grace; and affectation is more prejudicial to beauty than the small-pox itself. Affectation in a woman is disgusting to every person of refinement and taste; for it is a sure proof of an absence of those virtues and good qualities, for which it is a substitute, or more properly, it is throwing over defects a veil so thin, that the defects are visible through it: and are magnified, and rendered more deformed to the eye, through the obscurity of the veil. Let these be dispensed with, as the vices of little minds, and let modesty and unaffected ease be placed in their stead.

True female beauty does not consist in any particular form, or external appearance alone; but in symmetry and elegance, together with the assemblage of those interesting qualities, which adorn and render their persons permanently pleasing. A mere external beauty may attract momentarily, but something else is requisite to secure the affections: the first impressions produced by mere external beauty soon wear away; but it is the internal worth and beauty which give daily increasing permanence to the social affections. Hence one reason why men are often reproached with inconstancy of love: their feelings are interested and their affections excited by a display of external beauty; but a more intimate acquaintance convinces us that they are destitute of the graces and charms which render those feelings strong and lasting.

Let the female then, who is desirous to shine as a beauty, attend to intellectual improvement as of first concern; let her cherish health which itself is beauty; let her lay aside those foolish and prejudicial fashions, which

have so much power over persons of disordered minds, who conceive that beauty is best displayed in artificial, pale and sickly forms ; let her use frequent and active exercise, which gives health and vigour ; let her indulge and cultivate every virtue ; for every virtue sits with peculiar grace on every female countenance, and let her not forget religion, the greatest ornament to female worth and acquirements. With these accomplishments beauty exerts an influence which extends throughout creation.

—“Hence the wide universe,
Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,
Bears witness with it's people, gods and men,
To Beauty's blissful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration, still resounds :—”

SENEX.

The celebrated Nash, being in a market town in the country, had occasioned to employ a porter about some business, in which he blundered egregiously, and put Nash in a passion, who scolded him severely. “Zounds, Sir,” said the fellow, unable to bear his reproaches any longer, “tell me what you'd have and I'll get it for you.” “Then get me, you puppy, a greater fool than your self,” said Nash. Away went the porter, and meeting with the mayor of the town, told him Mr. Nash was at that inn, and wanted to speak with him. Nash was greatly surprised when his worship told him the reason of his visit, and to excuse himself, fairly confessed what had passed between him and the porter ; upon which the mayor set out in a passion, and immediately ordered the fellow in the stocks. As soon as Nash was informed of this, he repeated those lines in Pope :—

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for the mischief that it brings ;

And then said, he would go and comfort the poor devil. When he came where the delinquent was confined, he thus consoled him :—“Sirrah,” said he, “being a poor man, what business have you with wit ? It is an ingredient the rich cannot but manage to their disadvantage.” And turning round to one of his friends, “My lord——,” says he, “has so much wit, that he can never keep a guinea in his pocket ; and colonel——, because of his wit, never could keep a friend. Wit is ever dealing in difficulties, you see it has brought this man to the stocks, who, if a fool might have been mayor of the town, and sent others here.” Then giving the porter a guinea, “There, friend,” says he, “is something for you ; now go home and study stupidity.”—“That I will, master,” replied the fellow, “I'll study the whole corporation.”

A Methodist preacher once observed that several of his congregation had fallen asleep, suddenly, exclaimed, with a loud voice, “A fire ! a fire !” “Where ! where !” cried his auditors, whom he had roused from their slumbers. “In hell,” added the preacher, “for

those who sleep under the ministry of the holy gospel.” Another preacher finding himself in the same unpleasant situation with his auditory, suddenly stopt in his discourse, and addressed himself in a whispering tone to a number of noisy children in the gallery, “Silence, silence, children,” said he : “if you keep up such a noise, you will wake all the old folks.”

A wag passing a livery stable one day, in front of which several horses were tied, stopped suddenly and gazed at them for some time with a phiz indicating the utmost astonishment, and then addressed the owner who was standing near, and asked him “if he *made* horses !” Said the knight of the broom and curry comb, “no ! why do you ask such a question ?” “Only,” replied he, “because I observe you have several *frames* set up !”

Horne Tooke used to say, that law, in his opinion, ought not to be a luxury for the rich, but a remedy, to be easily, speedily, and cheaply obtained by the poor. When told that the courts of justice “were open to all,” he replied, “and so is the London Tavern, to such as can pay for the entertainment.”

A Lady of quality spoke to her butler to be very saving of a barrel of good small beer, and asked him how it could be best preserved. The butler replied, “by placing a barrel of good ale by it.”

SUMMARY.

A person has been saved from death by poison at Columbia, S. C. by having his stomach pumped, and having lime water injected into it. The process did not commence till two hours after the poison had been swallowed, and not till after the patient had become convulsed and speechless.

An establishment is going into operation in Bloomfield, N. J. for *printing on woollen cloth* in imitation of the common cassimer shawls. The colors are said to be as light and handsome as any of the imported article.

For Corns.—The juice of *bean leaves* obtained by bruising, is said to be an effectual cure for corns and warts.

“*The Recluse of Lyconia*,” a tale founded upon historical events in the New England States, will shortly be put to press, in Portland, Me.

Lady Morgan has a new novel in press, which will soon be published, entitled “the O'Briens, and the O'Flahertys.”

MARRIED,

At Snyderstown, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Snyder, David L. D. Like, Esq. of Hillsdale, to Miss Betsey Snyder, of the first mentioned place.

In Albany, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Weed, Mr. Noadiah L. Arms, of Mount Hope Garden, to Miss Hannah W. Gilling of Albany.

DIED,

In this city on the 17th inst. Chester, aged 2 years 11 months and 4 days, and on the 21st inst. Sally Ann, aged 1 year 7 months and 23 days—son and daughter of Mr. Elijah Sibly.

On the 24th inst. William Mainard, infant son of Samuel N. Blake.

At Claverack, on the 23d inst. Albert Wells Mosely, son of Mr. Joseph Mosely, in the 20th year of his age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. REFLECTIONS.

*"A blight has cross'd my early years,
The lights of life are gone;
Existence like a waste appears,
A solitude of cares and tears,
Bleak, desolate and lone."*—BROOKS.

My days of happiness are o'er,
And time has left a sting,
Which tells of joy and bliss of yore
But yet no joys can bring:
It brings nought else but pain and wo,
Which soon will lay my body low.
I cannot weep for that were vain—
It would not heal the wound
If I should sigh like drops of rain,
With the most painful sound:
I'll ne'er be happy till I die,
And yet I cannot—must not sigh.
It e'er torments me in my breast,
And in my inmost soul
And there is scarce a moment's rest
O'er which I have control:
My life is like a stormy sea,
And earth a desert seems to me.
But there are times when I can smile,
And seem to be quite gay;
When I can with my friends beguile
The deadly gloom away:
But still the smile will leave a gloom
Which soon will haste me to the tomb.
And though upon my brow appears
No sign of pain or wo—
And on my cheek no silent tears
Are ever seen to flow,
Yet is the wound more painful far
Than is the warrior's gory scar.
I wander without knowing where,
With naught to guide me on;
My life is e'er beset with care,
My ev'ry pleasure gone;
But soon the tossings of life's wave
Will leave me slumbering in the grave.
I cannot think of time to come—
It has no joys for me;
For soon the bell of yonder dome
Will toll my elegy.
But though my life on earth is pain,
In heav'n 'twill turn to bliss again.

HENRY.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY MISS LANDON.

There's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying:
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.
Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded;
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.
There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentler weeping;

And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.
He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant, side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.
He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over:
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier lover.
But the cloud of strife came upon the sky;
He left his sweet home for battle;
And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.
He came again—but an altered man;
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.
He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer;—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother, or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.
A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home pillow!

STANZAS.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.
I saw base Passion's pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,
His life, a summer's day.—
And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.
There surely is some guiding pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—
But Virtue, late and long!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Letter Y.

PUZZLE II.—First in Office.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Six letters to complete I take,
A woman's name my whole does make;
Cut off each end, and it is plain,
A woman's name will still remain;
Cut off the first, reverse the rest,
A woman's name will stand confest.

II.

To my first the Poet oft pays his devotion,
To my second woman turns her desire,
My third is the pride of the tar on the ocean,
My whole all the world must admire.

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